

Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,  
I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,  
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.

*Cap.* He waffe thee to thy death, go Walter take him hence,  
And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

*Suff.* Thou darste not for thine owne.

*Cap.* Yes Poole.

*Suff.* Poole?

*Cap.* Yea, Poole, puddle, kennell, sincke and durt,  
He stop that yawning mouth of thine,  
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the Queene,  
Shall sweep the ground, and thou that  
Smildst at good duke Humphreys death,  
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

*Suff.* This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,  
Threatens more plagues then mighty Abradas,  
The great Macedonian Pyrate,  
Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.

*Cap.* Yea but my deedes shall stay thy fury soon.

*Suff.* Hast not thou waited at my trencher,  
When we haue feasted with Queene Margaret?  
Hast not thou kist thine hand and held my stirrop?  
And barehead plodded by my footcloth Mule,  
And thought thee happy when I smild on thee?  
This hand hath writ in thy defence,  
Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lawissh tongue.

*Cap.* Away with him V Walter, I say, and off with his head.

*1 Pri.* Good my lord, intreat him mildly for your life.

*Suff.* First let this neck stoope to the axes edge,  
Before this knee do bow to any,  
Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King,  
*Suffolkes* imperiall tongue cannot pleade  
To such a iady groome.

*Walter* Come, come, why do we let him speake?  
I long to haue his head, for ransoine of mine eie.

*Suff.* A sword and bande to slaue,  
Murdered sweete Tully:

Brutus

Brutus bastard-hand stabde Iulius C  
And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on th

*Cap.* Off with his head, and send i  
And rancomelesse this prisoner shal  
To see it safe deliuered vnto her:  
Come lets go.

*Enter two of the Rebels*

*George.* Come away Nick, and pu  
and prouide thy selfe, for I can tell  
two daies.

*Nicke* Then they had more need  
But sirra George, whats the matter?

*George* Why sirra, lack Cade the  
He meanes to turne this land, and se

*Nick* Yea mary he had need so,  
Twas neuer mery world with vs, sin

*George* I warrant thee, thou sh  
leather a perne, now adaies.

*Nicke.* But sirra, who comes me  
*George* Why theres Dick the But

and Wil that came a wooing to our  
and Tom, & Gregory that should  
sort more is come from Rochester,  
terbury, & al the townes here abou  
or squires, as soone as lacke Cade is

*Nicke* Harke, harke, I heare the

*Enter lacke Cade, Dicke Butch*

*Harry and the rest wi*

*Cade.* Proclaime silence.

*All.* Silence.

*Cade.* I Iohn Cade so named fo

*Dicke* Or rather for stealing of

*Cade.* My father was a Mortim

*Nicke* He was an honest man, a

*Cade* My mother came of the l

*Wil.* She was a Pedlers daughter i